The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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A Lost Day.

How many tasks I planned at dawn!
I said, "When this fair day is gone,
And I sit down at eventide
To count the work my hands have done
Between the rise and set of sun,
I shall be fully satisfied."

And then I wove a web of dreams,
And hours slipped by like sunny streams,
Unnoted in their sunny flight.
And when I roused myself at last
To act, I found the day was past,
And sunset fading into night.

Oh, foolish dreams! Oh, wasted day!
This, and this only can I say—
"Not one good deed my hands have done."
How much I might have done, had I
But used the hours as they passed by,
But I have squandered every one.

God gives his days for us to use
For some good purpose. If we choose
To squander them, how great our sin!
I shudder when I think he keeps
A record of them all, and weeps
To see the misspent ones therein.

Oh, ye who give to dreams God's hours,
A serpent lurks beneath the flowers
Of idle moods and weak delays;
Rouse; make to-morrow's record fair;
Be this the angel's entry there,
"To-day atones for yesterday."

—*Selected.*

To do God's will—that's all
That need concern us; not to carp or ask
The meaning of it, but to ply our task,
Whatever may befall;
Accepting good or ill as he may send,
And wait until the end.

Anthony's Search.

THE weather was quite fair when Anthony started on his walk, but now a storm seemed to be rising. He was getting very tired and hungry. It was growing dark, too, and he did not know which way to go, neither could he find his way back. Poor Anthony! he was getting sleepy, and he did not want to go to sleep, so, hugging his bundle tightly, he hurried on. But weariness overcame him, and he felt that he must rest, and putting his bundle down, he seated himself beside it, and laid his tired head upon it.

He was almost asleep in this strange land. A stray hen came and peered at him, as much as to say, "What have you there?" Some tame animals looked through the bushes at the tired boy, but he saw nothing, heard nothing, until strains of music fell upon his ear. He started up and listened. In one direction he saw a light, and heard singing. He started toward it. The light guided him. Following it, he came to a house, from the windows of which shone out the light. He could not see into the room; the windows were too high for such a little fellow; so he climbed the steps that he might knock at the door. Just then he saw that there was a little crack through which he could look. Children were singing with their father and mother. How strange it sounded! He could not understand the words (for they were German), neither could he see their faces, for their backs were turned to him, but the voices sounded so pleasantly he felt sure they must be kind people.

As he leaned against the door, the crack widened, it flew open, and he fell into the room. All turned and looked at him. The mother

asked where he came from, what he wanted, and where he was going, but as she spoke in German he could not answer.

Then they brought him a warm cup of coffee, and gave him some thick slices of bread and butter. He ate greedily, for he was very hungry. Then, while they still looked on, he rested his tired head upon the arm of a chair, and slept.

When he awoke he found it was broad daylight. Children and father were gone away, the children to school, and the father to his work. He was lying upon a lounge, and the happy-faced mother was busy at a table in the room. So soon as she saw that his eyes were open, she came forward, speaking strange words that had no meaning to him, but in so kind a voice that they brought tears to his eyes. He understood her signs, for she motioned him to the table where a hot breakfast was waiting for him. She also understood his signs, for he made her understand that he wished for water to wash. Then with his pocket-comb he smoothed his hair. Again the woman motioned him to the table, but again he smiled, and shook his head—he must pray first. The tears stood in the woman's eyes. She had a way of talking to herself. She said now, in the same strange language, "Poor little boy! I hope his prayer will be answered!"

Anthony was saying: "Father in heaven! I thank thee that I did not get lost in the woods. Please help me find my new mother. Bless these kind friends."

After breakfast he did not go on his way, but eagerly watched the woman, bringing her water from the well, and building up the new fire when it needed it. She watched him pityingly. In a little while he went out, and finding that wood had been cut ready to pile, he piled it in an orderly way. About the middle of the morning the farmer returned from the work which had called him away so early that he had not had time to pile the wood. He smiled when he found that it had been done, and patted Anthony's head to show that he was pleased.

When it came time for the father to go bring his children from school, Anthony was motioned to a seat in the large wagon. He started to bring his bundle of clothes, but the farmer and his wife shook their heads. All the people in this neighborhood were German, the teacher was a German, but he could speak English; he was teaching English to the children. Mr. Swetzel—that was the farmer's name—wished him to see the little boy and find out his story; that was the reason he invited him to a ride.

At the school-room he told a story that brought tears to the eyes of his listeners. His father and mother were both dead: he did not remember his father well; he remembered that when he was a little fellow father had gone to the war and mother had cried; months or years passed away; then came a letter that made her cry harder, for father had been shot in the war and was dead. "Before mother died," said Anthony, "she told me to say these words, 'When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up.' The last words my mother said to me were, 'Don't forget to pray.'

"After she was buried one of the neighbors offered me a home, and I thanked him and went to live with him. I worked hard, but he always scolded. Often I did not get enough to eat; many a Sunday I have been very hungry, for he would shut up the house and go off fishing or gunning, and there was nobody else at home. Sometimes he remembered to leave me something to eat; sometimes he forgot it. I always went to church and Sunday-school, because I thought it would please mother if she could know it. My Sunday school teacher was very kind to me; he often gave me an apple, an orange, or a cake, though he did not know how very hungry I was. I commenced to pray for a new father or a new mother, but there was no answer to my prayer. Last Sunday my teacher was talking to us about prayer. He told us never to forget it. Then I told him there was one thing I wanted very much and had often prayed for, but it never came. He said, "Perhaps God sees that the thing you want is not good for you; perhaps you have not been trying to do your part. What would you think of a farmer who prayed for good crops and then never tried to cultivate his fields? Would you think God would give him good crops?

"I did not like to tell, before all the boys in the class, what was the thing I was praying for. That night I began to wonder what could be *my* part, and I said over the verse, 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find.' Then I thought, perhaps I ought to *seek* for the new father. The longer I thought about it the better I was pleased with it. So I made up my bundle of clothes and started off to look for him. Last night, after I had wandered till I knew not which

way to go, I found this gentleman's house. I don't know where to go now."

Anthony told the name of his Sunday-school teacher, This teacher wrote to him and received a letter, saying that the man with whom Anthony had once lived was willing for him to stay with the German family, if they wished it; if they did not, they might send him back to him.

The German family wished to keep him; Anthony wished to stay. It was not long before he learned to speak German and to help the children learn English. His mother had already taught him to write and read; he now learned to work. When his new father and mother grew old, he was a great comfort to them.

I read this story years ago; I have written it from memory, and have made some changes in it. I have condensed it also, that is, I have made it shorter, for it filled quite a book and gave a wonderful account of the way Anthony proved to be a comfort to his foster-parents.—*S. S. Advocate.*

A Desperate Mother.

On the 3rd of September I was digging in my garden a choice sort of potato. The tubers were large, and I had to delve well below the roots to raise them uninjured. Noticing one particular promising hill, I drove in the fork to the shaft, and threw out—a large mouse and six young ones! The mother was dazed and frightened, and I could easily have killed her and her progeny at a stroke. I did not, and herein I have forever forfeited the respect of my occasional gardener, who is a sworn enemy to mice. I drew back, and allowed the old mouse to walk off in a leisurely way to the half-shelter of a neighboring gooseberry-tree. The six young ones were kicking about among the potatoes like so many tiny kittens. What was to be done with them? Happy thought! put them in a basin, and leave them for the mother to visit and feed. I picked up the warm, downy, and exquisitely clean little creatures and placed them, with the remains of their shattered nest, in the basin, and the latter full in the sunshine. Meantime the mother had been watching every movement on my part from beneath the gooseberry-tree. Her long ears were quivering with terror and apprehension, her eyes glistened like jewels, and she was an object to move the coldest of hearts. At any rate she moved mine. I put down the basin and stood still. Presently, out ran the mother, tripping lightly over the clods, and sniffing right and left. She came to the basin, ran round it, looked over, jumped in. Now, thought I, to secure the whole family! But ere I had moved two paces out came mamma, bearing in her mouth one of her children. In her agitation she dropped it, but she turned and recovered the kicking ball of velvet, and bore it safely off to a row of cabbages twenty feet away. "Will she return?" I asked myself. Mouse answered the question; she came tripping back, again made the circuit of the basin, jumped in, popped out, and carried off another child. I called the members of my household to see this exhibition of true maternal instinct in so small a creature; and at length we were all gathered round the basin, and watching little mamma come and go in her labor of love. By this time she had grown so confident that I believe I could have caught her with my hand. When she had carried off the fifth, I said, "Now let us note whether she comes for a seventh." She returned in due time, and removed her sixth and last baby.

"Now," I said, "will she return to satisfy herself that she had made no miscalculation?" We waited and watched, but the mouse did not reappear, and we cried, "O wondrous instinct—how near to reason!" I had sent a child to mark where the mouse had deposited her young ones, and when the work of removal was complete, I went down and found the six tiny things nestling cozily beneath a tuft of grass. Six yards off was their brave little mother, plying feet and nose in the burrowing of a new home for her family. I let them alone; and if there be in mice as much gratitude as there is sagacity, my peas next spring will enjoy an unwonted immunity from assault. —*Sel.*

EVERY man is tried each day of his life by his own conscience. None can escape this court.

Sin is like a wedge: once insert the thin edge, and the rest can easily be made to follow.

He that would be angry and sin not, must not be angry with anything but sin.

"DID you cry when your papa went away?" asked a kind-hearted neighbor of little Susie.

"Well," said Susie, after reflecting for a moment, "I believe I did burst a few tears."

As a single drop of ink will darken much water, so a single drop of sin will darken and stain the soul. Keep sin out.

For the Myrtle.

A Tattooed South Sea Islander of the Marquesan Group.

Tattooing is almost universally practiced among the South Sea Islanders, except where Christianity and civilization have caused it to be abolished. The operation is performed in youth, and marks the transitition from boyhood to manhood, like the assumption of the *toga virilis* among the ancient Romans.

The performance of the rite is accompanied with many superstitious ceremonies; and the puncturing is said to be very painful, but the

boy may not wince under the slow torture, nor even enjoy the privilege of making a wry face or uttering a groan, as he is thenceforth to be regarded as a *man*, and must forever put off boyish ways.

Never Be Discouraged.

An old proverb says: "Patience and Perseverance conquer all things." Here is a true story which well illustrates the truth of the proverb:

A great many years ago a poor boy named Niccoli began life under a great cloud. His father died when he was but six years old, and four years later his native city was captured by a savage people, who put all the inhabitants they could find to death. Poor Niccoli was severely wounded, and left for dead, but his mother, who had escaped, found him and nursed him back to life.

He had been so nearly frightened to death, however, that he seemed little more than an idiot. His mind was confused, he could remember nothing, and he stammered so painfully that even his mother could scarcely understand his words. When he was fourteen he could neither read nor write, but he was anxious to learn, and at last succeeded in finding a teacher, but only to be cruelly disappointed, for his teacher said he could never be made to know any thing!

Poor Niccoli did not give up. He began to teach himself, and so well did he succeed that in time he became a great linguist and mathematician, and now he is remembered as one of the learned men of Italy.

During his life-time not only wise men, but statesmen and kings, were glad to show him honor, as well they might be, for he was not only a wise man, but a truly good and great man.

Try to secure the two P's, young people, and always remember that whoever wants them may have them!

To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings of which he is himself as unconscious as a lamp of its own shining.

SOCRATES, the philosopher being asked by one of his friends which was the way to gain a good reputation, replied: "You can gain it if you try to be what you desire to appear."

For the Myrtle.

Cheerful Serving.

WE are sure that our boys and girls who live in the city, and go to school through streets that are kept in excellent order with snow-plow and many hands of many men, can hardly understand the difficulties which beset the children in the country-towns when one of the great snow-storms of the winter comes.

We could take you to some towns in Northern Maine, and also some places in Vermont and New Hampshire, where children go two or three miles to school every day of the winter.

When the weather is fine they enjoy the walk, and in storm they are not troubled by it unless the storm is *very* severe, so that they are in danger of being buried in the snow; and then they are glad sometimes to be carried in the morning, and sent for at night.

Peter Simmons is one of the best natured of men, and whenever a severe storm comes, if he can possibly accommodate the children with a ride, he is sure to do so.

It is so easy to be kind and good to the people about us, if we try to be, and this effort makes

them happy while at the same time we grow happier with the attempt.

Look at the picture of Peter Simmons as he is returning home from market, whither he has been to buy wood and various articles of food.

He might have gone home by another, and easier route, but his kind heart prompted him to drive by the school-house and take the children with him.

He arrived at the school-house just as the children were coming out, and their merry faces were truly a delightful sight when they found that they were to have a ride home.

Perhaps you will wonder where the children were to sit, when the sled was already so full with wood, and barrel, and bags.

Once more it was to be proved that where there's a will there's a way.

Peter and his boy were not long in disposing of the barrel and bags on the front of the wood. Then they lifted the school-mistress, and the girls onto the space that was left, and the boys clung onto the runners, or ran along in the track which the sled left in the road.

The oxen were good strong healthy creatures, and they did not at all mind this addition to their load. They pulled right along through the heavy path, nearly up to their bodies in the snow at every step, but they made no complaint about it.

We are by no means sure that they were not as pleased with their part, as the children were with theirs. For they really pulled with *more* vigor after they heard the children's merry shouts behind them. And we do not know why the dear Lord who created beast as well as man, should not, in his mercy, make a gladness for them in serving so that they can bear their burdens cheerfully, and realize as do the higher creatures, that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

E. M. B.

A LITTLE girl in an Italian Sunday-school complained that some of the children had hissed her. "Why did you not do your best to defend yourself?" inquired the mother. The child hung her head, and was silent. "What did you do," added the mother, "when they were seeking pleasure in tormenting you?" "I remembered what Jesus did for his enemies," replied the child; "I prayed for them."

REMEMBER thy Creator.

A Gloomy View.

"It is a miserable world!" croaked a raven to two young sparrows who stood humbly listening to his remarks. "A miserable cold world! I know, for I have lived a great many years. You will be sorry enough you ever came into it, before long."

"Why?" said one of the sparrows, who was rather inclined to be pert.

"Why!" echoed the raven. "You will know when this frost has lasted a few weeks more, and the berries are all gone, and you are starving."

"There's always plenty to eat in the farm-yards," said the sparrow.

"That's all you know," said the raven, with an air of superior wisdom; "those insufferably conceited cocks and hens wont let you touch a morsel, and, if they should be shut in the hen-house, that spiteful yard-dog will be on the watch to see that you shall get nothing."

"There are often bits to get round the houses," persisted the sparrow.

"Poor deluded creature!" sighed the raven. "Man is your bitterest enemy, your most cruel foe. He sets traps, and keeps cats, and fires guns. Whatever you do, keep clear of man."

Weeks passed away, the frost was sharper than ever, the berries were gone, and, mindful of the raven's words, the little birds kept away from the houses and farm-yards.

At length, one day, hunger drove them into a garden. They stood on a wheelbarrow and peered about to see if there were a stray flower-seed in the cracks of the wood.

But the snow had filled every crevice, and the starving sparrows began to despair.

Just then a little boy opened a window not far off, and threw out quite a shower of crumbs, then stood with his arms on the window-sill to watch the birds enjoying their feast.

The two sparrows forgot their "bitterest enemy," and were among the first to partake of the plentiful meal.

"Man is not so cruel after all," said one, as they flew back to the wheelbarrow.

"And the world is not such a miserable place either," said the other. "I shall not believe what the raven said any more."

"Nor I," said the first. "I wonder we did not think to ask him how ravens contrive to live when sparrows are starved."—*Sel.*

BEWARE of the wine cup.

SELECTIONS FOR A TEMPERANCE CONCERT.

Work.

Oh, boys, do not shirk !
Would you win, you must work :
  And the prizes of life hang high.
But the strong and the fleet
And the diligent feet
  May climb to the upper sky.

The way may be steep,
But he who will keep
  The purpose of life in his view,
Through patience and grace,
Will he strong for the race,
  And the work that God gives him to do.

You must hew out the stairs
With labor and prayers,
  By which you ascend to the hight ;
And the task of to-day
Will help on your way,
  If you do it with all of your might.

Then work for the right,
And walk in the light
  Which Heaven pours down on your way.
With God on your side
No ill can betide,
  So hopefully labor and pray.

Doing Good.

Alone amid life's griefs and perils,
  The stoutest soul may quail ;
Left to its own unaided efforts,
  The strongest arm may fail.

Then let us learn to help each other,
  Hoping unto the end :
Who sees in every man a brother
  Shall find in each a friend.

THE proudest motto for the young,
  Write it in lines of gold
Upon thy heart, and in thy mind
  The stirring words unfold ;
And in misfortune's dreary hour,
  Or fortune's prosperous gale,
'Twill have a holy, cheering power—
  "There's no such word as fail."

VIRTUE is something sterling, that will stay
When gold and silver fly away.

Something Sure.

"What a pity nothing ever
  Has a beauty that will stay !"
Said our thoughtful little Nellie,
  Stopping briefly in her play.
"All these velvet pansies withered,—
  And I picked them just to-day !"

"And there's nothing very certain,"
  Answered Bess, with face demure ;
"When it rains, we can't go driving.—
  I wish promises were truer !
I could rest, if I were certain
  Of a single thing that's sure !"

Grandma smiled from out her corner,
  Smoothing back a soft, gray tress :
"Sixty seconds make a minute ;
  Did you know it, little Bess ?"
Sixty minutes make an hour,
  Never more and never less.

"For the seconds in a minute,
  Whether full of work or fun,
Or the minutes in an hour,
  Never numbered sixty-one !
That is one thing that is certain
  Ever since the world begun.

"Though the rose may lose its crimson,
  And the buttercup its gold,
There is something, through all changes,
  You may always surely hold ;
Truth can never lose its beauty,
  Nor its strength, by growing old."

The Chickens.

Said the first little chicken,
  With a queer little squirm :
"I wish I could find
  A fat little worm."

Said the next little chicken,
  With an odd little shrug,
"I wish I could find
  A fat little slug."

Said the third little chicken,
  With a sharp little squeal :
"I wish I could find
  Some nice yellow meal !"

Said the fourth little chicken,
  With a small sigh of grief :
"I wish I could find
  A green little leaf."

Said the fifth little chicken,
  With a faint little moan :
"I wish I could find
  A wee gravel stone !"

"Now, see here," said the mother,
  From the green garden patch :
"If you want any breakfast,
  Just come here and scratch."

HARVEST PAGE.

Hidden Seed

181. — ENIGMA.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4 is the opposite of hate.
My 6, 5, 19. 8, 7 is the use of the eyes.
My 10, 11, 12, 15 is the opposite of empty.
My 13, 14, 16, 9 is what we do to a saw.
My 6, 17, 21, 22 is to separate fine from coarse.
My 6, 18, 20, 27 comes from the sky in winter.
My 23, 24, 9, 25 is part of the foot.
My 27, 26, 5, 1 is a loud cry.
My 21, 20, 19 comes over the sea.
My whole is in the Bible. *Peter Hoyt.*

182. — ANAGRAM.

Reuysl nseogdos nad remcy liwl lofwol uyo.
H. E. Wright.

183. —ENIGMA.

I am composed of 42 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 is what we do on our feet.
My 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 is the opposite of noisy.
My 17, 11, 12, 13 is found on the seashore.
My 14, 15, 31, 16, 22 is to number.
My 19, 18, 20 is to cease to live.
My 21, 8, 9, 10 is a small stream.
My 23, 24, 3, 22 comes from burning fuel.
My 25, 26, 27 did win.
My 28, 30, 34, 35 is the entrance to a room.
My 29, 38, 17, 24 is a beautiful flower.
My 32, 3, 33 did see.
My 37, 7, 41, 35, 36 is a large bird.
My 39, 38, 41, 42 nourishes the body.
My 40, 41, 42 is the creator of all.
My whole is in the Bible. *Beth.*

184. — DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant : What we did at dinner : A condition : Grand : To correct : Sick : A vowel. *Arthur Hopper.*

185. —ENIGMA.

I am composed of 29 letters.
My 11, 8, 13, 7, 18 is a useful animal.
My 13, 2, 19, 25, 3, 5, 21, 4, 27, 28, 25 is one of the United States.
My 6, 12, 27, 13 is a kind of fruit.
My 9, 24, 23, 1 are part of the body.
My 26, 14, 10, 3 is very small.
My 25, 13, 19, 20, 15, 16, 17 is what farmers dread.
My 22, 4, 29 is an insect.
My whole is in Proverbs. *Willie.*

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a horse the most miserable creature in existence? Because his head is often on the *rack*.

What is the difference between a sailor and an onlooker at an auction? The one sails the sea and the other sees the sale.

177. — ENIGMA.

Look not upon the wine when it is red.

178. — ANAGRAM.

Defend the poor and fatherless, do justice to the afflicted and needy.

179. —ENIGMA.

We must struggle for the right.

180. — DIAMOND PUZZLE.

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CONUNDRUMS.

Why are lawyers thankful for efforts to do them a favor whether successful or not?
Because they value both *will* and *deed*.

OUR HARVESTERS.

Blanche Robbing, 1 ; Gertie White, 1 ; John L. Burt, 3 ; Wallace A. Prince, 4 ; Gertie Waldie, 3.

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